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ON THE
HAPPY BIRTH
OF THE
Young PRINCESS.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D
To His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

——— *Venturo letantur ut Omnia Sæc'lo!*

VIRG.

By JOHN MARKLAND, of St. Peter's
College, Cambridge.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. PAYNE, near Stationers-Hall. MDCCXXIII.
March.

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HAPPY
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TO
Young Billy

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T O
His Royal Highness
T H E
P R I N C E.

I.



THE GODLIKE MAN who dares
Intrepid view impending Fate,
And dauntless rush beneath the falling
Who *Fortune's* Malice bears ^{[Weight ;}
Superior and Elate,
Who weighs, with equal Counter-poise,
Her hurtless Rage, and flatt'ring Joys,
Nor seeks her Smiles, nor fears her Hate ;
But still unmov'd has stood
Awfully Great, superlatively Good,

His

His never-dying Name
 The grateful *Muse* shall bear
 Through all the Regions of the Air,
 And mount his Glory on the Wings of Fame.

II.

But where, ah! where indeed
 Lives such immortal Worth?
 Whence can that *more than Man* proceed?
 What happy Climate boasts His Birth?
 Happy indeed the envy'd Clime,
 Where *Virtue* in a long successive Race
 Of *Heroes*, has adorn'd the Place,
 And summ'd from All, ONE, perfectly Sublime!
 For Him contending Lands,
 In Rival Love, their ardent Zeal attest,
 Their Love alike, their Zeal is One;
 Him *Hanover* demands
 With her great NATIVE blest'd.
 With no less anxious Care
 We boast the mighty HEIR,
 And *Britain*, grateful *Britain*! claims her SOV'REIGN'S SON.

III. *Britain*

III.

Britain her **SOV'REIGN'S SON**
 Claims, not unjust; She thankful fees
 The Dangers He has whilome undergone
 To gain Her restful Peace.
 She views her **HERO** long inur'd
 To crimson-dy'd Campaigns,
 Recounts the Toils of *Flandrian* Plains,
 And the vast Labours He, untir'd, endur'd.
 Who shrinks not, when the Many kill'd
 Are to Remembrance brought?
 What Heart with Terror is not fill'd,
 Nor shudders at the Thought?
 Yet this the **ROYAL SOLDIER**, un-appal'd,
 This cruel Task of Honour bore,
 Resolv'd *Britannia* to restore
 To that great Name she held before;
 Nor idle stood his Hands, nor manly Courage fail'd.

IV.

Virtue without Alloy, unmix'd
 With weak Infirmities of Human-kind,
 Like Earth on its own Centre fix'd,
 Is independant, on itself reclin'd.

The stable Rock endures,
 Tho' here opposing Surges meet,
 And, angry, reboate their clashing Rage,
 There bluftring Winds affailant beat,
 And, with a Coward-Force, behind engage;
 Itself itfelf fecures;
 Unmov'd it bears the Billow's rapid Courfe,
 Triumphant flights the Wind's affailant Force.

V.
 Envy, the laft Difcfe, and worft,
 That follows Private Spleen or Publick Hate,
 When ruffled moft, then moft fedate,
 When calm, then only curft:
 Envy beheld, She pleas'd beheld
 The PRINCE's vaft Defert,
 With Fear and with Applaufe diffus'd around;
 She faw an ample Field,
 With Limit unconfin'd or Bound,
 Her fcathful Malice to exert;
 She fumm'd up all Her Might
 To render his great Actions flight;
 She knew the richeft Soil moft apt to Weeds,
 And vileft Slander waits on bravelt Deeds.

VI.

Who would not be a Slave,
 And prostrate crouch to Fortune's Pow'r
 Since she so oft bestows
 Virtue's Reward on Virtue's Foes,
 And, partial, on their Heads does show't
 The Guerdons of the Brave?
 Who would, with erring Aim,
 The luckless Scope profess,
 Thro' Virtue to arrive at Fame,
 Which He must ne'er possess?
 For when his soaring Height
 Equals her most exalted Round,
 Pale Envy imps his Flight,
 And throws him on the Ground:
 Who then would wish to rise,
 And with bold Wing to touch the Skies?
 Who would not chuse on Earth to be
 From Envy and the Fear of Falling free?

VII.

Ah! no, like **G E O R G E** who would not chuse
 Into each bold Exploit to run,
 No hazardous Adventure to refuse,
 No glorious Danger shun?

What Man his Country would not prize
 Above all other Ties?
 Thus thinks our *PRINCE*, and hence
 Conformable, his Actions all commence.
 Great Acts from gen'rous Thoughts proceed,
 Great Acts set off a Name,
 To shine illustrious in the Lists of *Fame*,
Fame is the *HERO's* Meed :
 Hence loud-mouth'd Slander is struck Dumb,
 And *Envy*, baleful *Envy*, overcome.

VIII.

Envy in Praise is lost,
 Her Rancor its Appearance hides,
 Nor more its wreakless Rage can boast,
 But in the Tide of general *Fame* subsides.
 Contending *Parties* now,
 Un-angry, cease their furious Hate,
 And strive, in Eagerness of fond Debate,
 The greatest Energy of *Loyal Love* to show.
 By dear *Experience* now untaught to err,
 (*Experience* gain'd, how near too late!
 Did not great *GEORGE's* Influence avert our Fate!)

Britons

Britons have learn'd their Happiness to know,
 Nor *specious Slavery* to *solid Good* prefer ;
 Whilst *GEORGE* continues to bestow
 The sure Protection of his *Royal Grace* ;
 And kind indulgent *Heav'n* gives Room
 To hope for endless Peace to come,
 From the extensive *Vertues* of his glorious *RACE*.

X

IX.

The *Vertues* of his *Race*,
 Already croud the *Book of Fame*,
 And with *Prevention* occupy the *Space*
 For a new-rising *Name*.
 Thou, *Royal FREDERICK*, shalt hear
 Thy mighty *SIRE*, in *Times* far distant hence,
 And with an emulative *Sense*,
 Shalt all his *Glory* in *Remembrance* bear ;
 Reserv'd by *Fate's Decree*,
 To hand his *Vertue's* down,
 Conjointly with Thy own,
 And All *AUGUSTUS* shall survive in *THEE*.
 Another *WILLIAM* shall *NASSAU* restore,
 And live, *Triumphant*, all His *Glories* o'er.

Nor less, Ye **GRACES**! shall Ye shine
 Conspicuous in bright *Beauty's* fairest Sphere:
Monarchs inflav'd to You, shall quit their Throne,
 And, proudly *Humble*, their Allegiance own;
 From different Worlds Crown'd *Vassals* shall appear,
 And the Whole Earth be the *Refusal* of the *Royal Trine*.

X.

But see! an Opening Dawn
 Sends forth a *New-born* Gleam of Light!
 As, when the Scene is drawn,
 Fresh Tapers dance upon the Sight.
 Let Sacred Wreaths each Brow adorn,
 And ev'ry Mouth rebound, *A Child is Born!*
 The Hope-fulfilling News
 A Look of Loyal Joy around diffuse!
 Let mirthful Smiles the glad some Tidings meet,
 And ev'ry Tongue the *Welcome Tale* repeat.
Britons, attend the Birth,
 And, big with fond Surprise,
 Behold the *Infant Princess* rise,
 Another Fair **CHARLOTTA** born to bless the Earth!

* The Three Young PRINCESSES.

XI.

Off-spring of *ROYALTY*, all Hail !
 Thou Publick Care design'd !
 (If ardent Vows with Gracious Heav'n prevail)
 The Hope and Joy of Humane-Kind !
Thy Vertues shall proclaim *Thy Sacred Line*,
 (Nor shall a long *Parentbesis* restrain,
 Or argue our presumptive Wishes vain)
 And point *Thy* Origin Divine.
 Thy God-like *Parents*, pleas'd, shall see
 Their *Dearer Selves* in *Thee*.
 Grateful *Britannia* still shall show,
 To Future Times transmit with Care,
 What to Thy *Royal Sire* we owe,
 And let her latest Generations know
 The unforgotten Glory of the *ROYAL PAIR*.

F I N I S.



XI.

Offspring of ROTARY, all Hail!
 Thon Publick Care design'd!
 (If ardent Vows with Gracious Heav'n prevail)
 The Hope and Joy of Humane Kind!
 Thy Vowes shall proclaim Thy Sacred Line,
 (Nor shall a long Posterity's restrain,
 Or argue our presumptive Willies vain)
 And point Thy Origin Divine.
 Thy God-like Parents, pleas'd, shall see
 Their Dearest Sons in Thee.
 Gracious Britain will shall show,
 To Future Times transmit with Care,
 What to Thy Royal Sire we owe,
 And let her latest Generations know
 The unforgetten Glory of the ROTAL PAIR.

F I N I S

